OLD-MAID'S MUSIC. From The Spectator.

All down the long, narrow street
The windows were wide all day;
The musks and the pinks smell sweet
In the boxes over the way.

The night is a night of June, When the summer flowers are born, And, above, a sickle meon Hangs over the coming corn.

No sigh of the past is there, And the slience spellful feels; When out on the dreamy air The Old-Maid's music steals.

It seems like a story told

That must fill the eye with tears,—
So sweet, so wistful, so old,

That ditty of fifty years! Even as I listen and hear,
Those years roll back between,
And the long ago draws near,
Till I look on what has been.

And a sound of footsteps rings.

And the shadows move below.

While she lifts her voice and sings

That ditty of long ago.

And I see two figures pace Together, with lingering feet: And now 'tis a girl's white face That looks down the empty street.

And I see her lean and gaze.

And the crowd is black below,—
But the Old-Maid sits and plays
That ditty of long ago! Tis light in the narrow street, To day is the longest day; The musks and the pinks smell sweet In the boxes over the way.

AFRAID OF THE DARK.

My name is Edward Houghton; I am twentysight years old, am unmarried, enjoy the best of
health and spirits, hold a Government inspectorship with a good salary, entailing plenty of travelling, and have only one care in the world—I
am afraid of the dark. Indeed, it is something
more than fear—it is a terror which has haunted
me from my childhood to the present day.

Only three people in the world besides myself
have my secret: my mother, Sir George Gillingham, of Gillingham Towers, with whom I lived
for five years as private tutor to his sons, and
who got me my appointment, and Mr. Pallatti.

When I left the Towers a twelvementh ago,
my nervous dread of the nights I should have to
pass in strange bedrooms of strange inns, when
travelling on inspection duty, became so acute
and overwhelming that I determined to consuit
a leading physician about myself.

Sir Alfred Smith listened to my story attentively, asked me a multitude of questions about
my health and habits, and especially whether
anything ever occurred in very early childhood to
give me a shock, although I might have been too
young at the time to remember it now. My catechism over, he said:

"Mr. Houghton, I must tell you frankly that I

'Mr. Houghton, I must tell you frankly that I can do nothing for you. The symptoms you have described are distressing, but I cannot tell you as a physician how they originate, or suggest any way of alleviating them. I have a friend, however, who is a profound believer in animal magnetism, and although I am very sceptical about many of his theories, he is one of the cleverest and most agreeable men I know. It can do no harm for you to see him, and I am quite certain he will perfectly sympathize with you, if he can do nothing else. It is name is Pallatti, and I have written down his address for you. Call upon him at three o'clock to-marrow, and I will write to tell him that he may expect you.

I found Mr. Pallatti the next afternoon lounging over a book in a large luxariously furnished room crowded with pictures, curies and 'pretty things'—a handsome young gentleman, perfectly dressed, with a pair of eyes which, if they could not see through a milestone, looked as if they could pierce a human being through and through.

After a little indifferent conversation, I began to tell him my tale, but I was so nervous that I bungled wofully and interspersed my narrative with idiotic giggles.

'Wait a bit, Mr. Houghton, there's no hurry,' said Mr. Pallatti, bringing me a glass of wine from a side table: 'you are my patient, you know, and must drink this before beginning a long story.'

I expect he must have put something into my 'Mr. Houghton, I must tell you frankly that I

I expect he must have put something into my draught, for in a few minutes I found myself talking as calmly and impassively as if I were

talking as calmly and impassively as if I were speaking of some other person.

I told him how, if I left my bed in the dark and took two steps away from it, I was utterly lost; how my outstrethed hands would touch a window, his wife sat up and looked at him and his bloodstained hands, but her face was the face of a maniac, and she never recovered her reason, dying many years afterward within the walls of a maniac, and she never recovered her reason, dying many years afterward within the walls of a maniac, and she never recovered her reason, dying many years afterward within the walls of a maniac, and she never recovered her reason, dying many years afterward within the walls of a maniac, and she never recovered her reason, dying many years afterward within the walls of a maniac, and she never recovered her reason, dying many years afterward within the walls of a maniac, and she never recovered her reason, dying many years afterward within the walls of a maniac, and she never recovered her reason, dying many years afterward within the walls of a maniac, and she never recovered her reason, dying many years afterward within the walls of a maniac, and she never recovered her reason, dying many years afterward within the walls of a maniac, and she never recovered her reason, dying many years afterward within the walls of a maniac, and she never recovered her reason.

He saw the whole devilish plot now. Conrad Gillingham, using his wife as his tool, had intended to abstract the deeds, and, with these in his possession, to attaint him of high treason and claim the estates.

There was a state trial, which any one can read to this day, and he was acquitted, with a universal expression of pity for his misfortune, and of loathing for the subject of his vengeance.

To piece together these facts has cost me months of labor, in reading through old diaries and letters in the muniment room, for I have never felt sure whether some day or other I or some of my descendants might not be challenged to produce the title-deeds of Gil

dead face and water drapping from his long hair; how, when I told my mother what I had seen, she said that I had described to the minutest detail—the pattern of the wall-paper, the flowers on the chimneypiece—the identical scene as it occurred on that terrible morning at Brighton.

'Any other experience like that' asked Mr. Pallatti. I can't tell you how deeply you have interested me, Mr. Houghton.' Only one other,' I replied, 'and that occurred at Gilingham Towers, where I lived for five years as private tutor to Sir George Gillingham's sons. He had been telling me one evening a curious story of a tragedy that occurred in his family more than a century ago, and had pointed out to me the portraits hanging in the great drawing-room of the three principal actors. Some papers of the utmost importance were abstracted in the confusion at the time, and Sir George said that his inability to produce them if ever called upon to do co might be most disastrous. The danger, of course, decreased as the years rolled by, but the sword still hung over the house of Gillingham, though the hair by which it was originally suspended might have thickened to a cord.

That night a great storm of wind and rain broke over the Towers: my window was burst open, my light extinguished, and the matches I always kept to my hand were wet and useless. For the second time in my life the luminous haze rolled out before me, and through it there appeared a very small room with one narrow window, the lewer sash of which was thrown up—a lumber room apparently, with one bare table in the centre, a few broken chairs piled up in the borners, some dirty looking prints in black frames on the walls, and a great glass case full of stuffed birds, some tumbling and some tumbled from their perches, and all in the last stage of dilapidation and decay. When all this was clearly developed, the shadowy forms of a man and a woman appeared dimly, and I could see that their outlines agreed with those of two of the family portraits Sir George had pointed out to me. But happening at that moment to turn my head, I saw a thin stream of light shining through a chink in the door. I reached it at a bound, and catching up a lamp some one had left burning on the stairs, returned to my room to find everything as usual. I told Sir George, and we thoroughly explored the deserted wing of the Towers, but could find no room in the least resembling the one of my vision.

As I concluded a page boy brought in coffee, and when I had drunk mine, the curious feeling of constraint under which I had been speaking passed off, and I said quite cheerfuily, There, in Pallatti. I have made a clean breast of it, and now, what do you prescribe?

'A dog,' said Mr. Pallatti.

'What! to eat?' I laughed.

'No to sleep with. There is no cure but death for the wonderful gift of second sight, and it is

What! to eat? I laughed.

'No to sleep with. There is no cure but death for the wonderful gift of second sight, and it is a gift, if too much used, full of danger to brain and nerves. But prevention is better than cure, to buy a little dog and let him lie at the foot of your bed, and you will not be troubled by visions begain even if your light does go out.'

We parted with mutual promises to meet soon,

perted with mutual promises to meet soon,

We parted with mutual promises to meet soon, but I was ordered away on duty, and it was six months before I saw him again.

I had just returned to London and was intending to look him up, when I received a letter from Sir George Gillingham begging me to go at once the Towers on a matter of the deepest importance. I lost not a minute in obeying the summons, and full of anxiety and a misgiving that tomething was very wrong. I arrived at the Towers as the dressing gong for dinner was bounding.

Towers as the dressing going for dinner was bounding.

Sir George met me as I drove under the great portice. He looked so wern and harnssed that I could not help whispering. 'Good Heavens, Sir George, what is it? Has that question of the title-deeds cropped up again after all?'

Yes, it has with a yengcance,' said Sir George, but go dress now and meet us in the diningtoom. There are no ladies—only Pallatti, who may be has met you before.'

I entered the dining-room with the soup and

toom. There are no ladies—only Pallatti, who have he has met you before.

I entered the dining-room with the soup and shook hands cordially with Pallatti. He and I were in ordinary evening dress, but Sir George was arrayed as for some great state function. He wore black knee breeches and silk stockings and great diamond buckles in his shoes, the broad fibbon of the Eath crossed his white waistcoat, and he wore balf a down orders as well. He had brought his chef down with him, and we sat down to a dinner fit for the gods. The wine he pave us was scarcely ever brought out except when some Royal Prince accepted the hospitality of the Towers for a night, and was almost pricewhen some Royal Prince accepted the hospitality of the Towers for a night, and was almost priceless. I knew it and Mr. Pallatti soon found it but, and our eyes twinkled. Sir George saw it and was glad. He drank to each of us in the pld-fashioned way and said. I am making a jittle feast to-night, my young friends, for reasons of my own. It is the old story: let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow-well, to-morrow

we'll do the same, let us hope,' he said, turning it off with a laugh.

Mr. Pallatti was certainly well worth a good dinner. Without seeming to monopolize the conversation, he always had something original to say upon every topic that was started, and his fun and wit were so keen and spontaneous that our solemn little dinner party became quite a rollicking affair. Amongst the subjects we discussed was the last new trick of the last new conjurer, which was puzzling all London and giving learned judges and doctors and parsons sleepless nights in the endeavor to find it out.

'Why, don't you know how that is done?' said Mr. Pailatti, and he proceeded to solve the riddle in a dozen words.

'Most extraordinary!' exclaimed Sir George.' Do you mean to say you found it out yourself?' Yes,' returned Pallatti. 'the very first time I went. There never has been and never will be a trick of any kind that I am unable to unravel. I suppose it is a kind of gift, but I have never made any use of it except sometimes to have a little fun among the spiritualists.' And he gave me a peculiar look out of his black eyes.

'Exposing all their rascally fortune-telling and rapping and table turning and such knaveries, I suppose,' I observed composedly.

'And now, gentlemen,' said Sir George as the last bottle of claret was emptied, and we were ashamed even to look as if we should like some more, 'if you please we will take our coffee in the drawing-room as there are no ladies there,' and he rose from the table and walked towards the door. As we followed Pallatti whispered in my ear, 'Mr. Houghton, I should like to be a modern Clarence and be drowned in a hundred dozen of that claret.'

To my surprise Sir George led the way to the great state drawing-room, and as we entered a

Chrence and be drowned in a hundred dozen of that claret."

To my surprise Sir George led the way to the great state drawing-room, and as we entered a perfect blaze of splendor was before us. The huge saloon, with its frescoed ceilings and profuse gilding, was lighted up by hundreds of wax candles in great chandeliers, in scences, brackets, and lustres; the walls were entirely covered by full-length portraits of old Gillinghams; over each portrait a powerful lamp and reflector threw so strong a light that every gallant knight and gentle dame seemed to have come to life and be gazing at the black-coated intruders into their gay assembly. Two enormous fires were burning, one at each end of the room, and before one of these Sir George stoon and metioned us to be seated. He looked so grand and stately and the brilliance of the scene was so overpowering, that Pallatti and I listened for his words with a kind of awe.

brilliance of the scene was so overpowering, that Pallatti and I listened for his words with a kind of awe.

'Gentlemen, I am not going to detain you for any length of time by telling you over again the history which you have both heard already from my lips. But on this particular night I wish to recapitulate some of the main facts.

'In the year 1745 my great-grandfather, Sir Hugo Gillingham, after being many years a widower, married a young and beautiful girl and brought her to the Towers. There are his portrait and hers,' pointing to them; 'go up to them and inspect them closely—learn them by heart. Who knows what may come of your doing so?' he said almost fiercely.

'The girl was faithless to him—faithless from the very day she was wed, and her lover was her own husband's vagabond, worthless cousin, the son of a man who had squandered his birthright and willingly parted with all the great estates of Gillingham to his younger brother and his heirs for ever. There is the man's portrait in that corner; study his face and figure as closely, both of you. The year 1745 brought ruin and misery on many a noble house, and Sir Hugo did his best to involve himself in the same fate. Gentlemen, it is a fact that that poor scarecrow, the Pretender, once sat in that travesty of a throne, whilst well-bern, virtuous ladies crowded round to kiss his false hand,' and Sir George pointed to a chair, surmounted by a kind of canopy of gold and crimson.

'Cne night,' continued Sir George. 'Sir Hugo

'One night,' continued Sir George. 'Sir Hugo returned home earlier than he was expected, and, walking hastily upstairs, the first thing he heard was the voice of his wife in conversation with a stranger in one of the rooms. He tried the door; it was locked, and by the time he had burst it open a man was leaping out of the open window. Sir Hugo dashed after him, and, after half a dozen passes, drove his sword through the body of Conrad Gillingham. Returning through the window he found his wife senseless on the floor, and, putting a constraint upon himself to refrain from spurning her with his foot, he passed on to his bedchamber, where the first thing that met his eyes was a great iron chest with hie lid open, whilst a very short examination showed that his precious title-deeds had been abstracted. He found his way back to where Conrad lay with staring eyes in the moonlight, and searched the body for the deeds without success. Returning through the window, his wife sat up and looked at him and his bloodstained hands, but her face was the face of a maniac, and she never recovered her reason, dying many years afterward within the walls of a madhouse.

'He saw the whole devilish plot now. Conrad Gillingham, using his wife as his tool, had in-'One night,' continued Sir George, 'Sir Hugo

felt sure whether some day or other I or some of my descendants might not be challenged to produce the title-deeds of Gillingham. The blow has fallen upon me at last. It seems that some descendants of that old collateral branch, all long since dead and gone, as I heped and believed, have turned up. At any rate there are agents busily at work, making all manner of inquiries, searching registers and so on, and my lawyers have told me point-blank that I may be called upon to produce these deeds, and that if they are not forthcoming my tenure of Gillingham Towers may be in serious jeopardy. Unless you, my young friends, with your keen with and rendy invention can help me, my resources are at an end.' He turned and rang the bell, and then leant his head upon his hand, his elbow on the maffulpiece. A servant entered, and looking up be said quite naturally. Put out all these lights and close the room again, Mallam—I only wanted to show Mr. Pallatti how it looks on a state occasion—and take the cigars and things into the billiardroom. We will finish the evening there.

Of the almost incredible events which followed I confess that I am unable to ofter any explanation. I can only vouch for their having actually occurred. Whether, as Mr. Pallatti honestly believes, the soul can in certain rare instances leave the body and wander up and down the spirit world like a dog in a fair prying into the secrets of the dead, or whether those events were merely the

like a dog in a fair prying into the secrets of the dead, or whether those events were merely the result ito quote the Doctor in 'Martin Chuzzlewit' of a 'most extraordinarily happy and favorable conjunction of circumstances,' will for ever

wit' of a 'most extraordinarily happy and favorable conjunction of circumstanecs, will for ever remain a mistery to me.

When I got into bed that night my brain was in a whirl, and I should have been glad to exchange nerves with a cat. The unusual quantity of wine I had drank, the dazzling splendor of the state drawing-room, the awful midnight tragedy of a century ago, and the life-like portraits of the principal actors seemed to forbid the very idea of sleep. But when I thought myself most wide-awake I began to doze off, and was soon 'as fast as a church.' How long it had lasted I could not tell, when I woke with a start, and for the third time in my life found myself alone in the dark. I stretched out my hand for the matches, but they were gone, and at the same time the luminous glare appeared upon the wall. Then the room, with its one tall opened window, the broken furniture, the case of stuffed birds, and the two figures of my former vision developed rapidly. I could see the last plainly enough now—a man in a long horseman's coat and brown boots with great silver spurs, a woman in a long white wrapper, with fair hair flowing over her shoulders nearly to the ground, and they stood together by the table reading from a large sheet of paper which they held between them, by the light of a single candle in a tall silver candlestick. Occasionally they turned their faces towards me with an anxious expression, as if they were listening for something, and I immediately recognized two of the portraits in the state drawing-room. Suddenly they started violently, the man rushed to the window and leaped out, the woman thrust the papers into her dress, and a second nan with a drawn sword flashing in his hands dashed into the room and through the woman drew out the the papers into her dress, and a second man with a drawn sword flashing in his bands dashed into the room and through the window in pursuit of the fugitive. Then the woman drew out the papers and tried to tear them, but they must have been parchment and she failed; she put them over the flame of the candle, but one corner only began to shrivel, and they would not burn. At last she turned to one of the dirty prints which opened at her touch, thrust the document into a cavity in the wall, and, reclosing the aperture, fell headlong to the ground. I could not have borne much more, when there was a glare of light in my eyes, a band shook me roughly by the shoulder, and a voice (Pallatti's) exclaimed. Good Heavens: Houghton, what is the matter? You must have had the nightmare and look quite exhausted. He took a tiny phial from his pocket, and pouring the contents into a teuspoon put it to my lips. Whatever the potion was, it was so strong that it nearly took my breath away, but its effect was instantaneous, and I asked him quite calmly. How on earth did you come here? "Why, I felt so nervous and wakeful after Sir George's entertainment that I couldn't sleep, and as I got worse and worse, I thought I would see if you were in the same plight. You certainly seem to have been no better off than I, and I think we had better stick together and keep ourselves awake by talking till daylight doth appear."

"Most willingly." I said, "and I will begin by telling you my vision like a modern Pharaoh, and perhaps you may be able to expound it, O Joseph. There may be nothing in it or everything, who knows?"

The next morning, after an almost untasted

knows?"

The next morning, after an almost untasted breakfast, Sir George and Pallatti and I were prosecuting a vigorous search in the haunted wing, but after an hour of hunting and poking into every hole and corner, we came reluctantly to the conclusion that there was nothing corresponding in the remotest degree with the room of

my vision. The case of stuffed birds and the

we were walking away, silent and disappointed, Sir George and I leading the way, and had nearly reached the door which shut off the wing from the rest of the house, when a shout from Pallatti, who had been following at a little distance, caused us to stop.

'Eureka: 'cureka!' he almost screamed; 'I ought to have seen it at a glance! Come back both of you; we shall know all about it in five minutes.'

both of you; we shall know all about it in five minutes.

The usually calm and impassive Mr. Pallatti was in such a violent state of excitement that we almost feared for his reason, but we obeyed him and returned upon our steps.

Without hesitation he went straight into a room called the Best Bedehamber, in one corner of which there still stood the great iron chest from which the fatal title deeds had been abstracted, and taking a foot-rule from his pocket carefully measured the wall on one side of the door—nine feet.

Then he came out into the corridor, which was panelled throughout with dark oak from floor to ceiling, and measuring off nine feet from the side of the door on the outside, marked the place with a deep score of his knife. Transferring his attention to the next room known as the Blue Bedchamber, he scored off sever feet. His discovery was patent enough now. Again applying his rule to the space between the two scores, it was at once seen that there were eleven feet of wall unaccounted for!

"There is a carpenter at work close by,' panted Pallatti,' we saw him as we came up. Run, my

at once seen that there were eleven feet of wall unaccounted for!

'There is a carpenter at work close by,' panted Pallatti; 'we saw him as we came up. Run, my dear Houghton, and bring him here with his tools.'

I was off like a shot, and soon returned with the astounded carpenter, who had been shedding gimlets, bradawls, nails and screws, and such small articles plentifully by the wayside out of his basket in his haste. Pallatti had already sounded the wainscot; the rusty nails gave way at the first wrench, the planks were removed, the carpenter was dismissed, and then, with an almost indescribable feeling of awe, we stood within the very room I knew so well. The stuffed birds, the crazy furniture, the dingy prints—all were there, and on the little table in the centre stood a tall and tarnished silver candlestick, the candellong since devoured by the great-grandfathers of the mice who scampered into their holes as we entered.

entered.

For two or three minutes not a word was said, and then I sprang at one of the prints and tried to tear it from the wall, but Pallatti stayed my

hand.

'There is not a secret spring in the world could baffle me for two minutes,' he said quietly.

With one touch of his lingers the picture flew open, and putting in his hand he pulled out a mass of crumpled parchment.

A short inspection proved to Sir George that they were the long lost deeds, and we all saw for ourselves that one corner was shrivelled and stained with grease and smoke.

The next morning I found Sir George waiting The next morning I foliable breakfast for me alone.

'Where is Pallatti, Sir George, bursting out laughing.' Ite said he was afraid of your punching his head if he stayed.'

What on earth should I do that for?' I won-

dered.

'Because he played you a trick—went into your room after you were asleep, blew out your light, stole your matghes, and hid himself in a cupbeard in the hope that you would be able to give us the benefit of one of your experiences, as you call them. But he told me to assure you on his honor that not one hint of what happened that night shall ever pass his lips.

'And I quite believe him,' I said warmly. 'Pallatti is a glorious fellow, and although it wasn't very pleasant for me at the time, the game, in this case, was well worth the absence of the candle.'—(Edward A. Irving in "Belgravia."

IT COULD NOT HAPPEN NOW. F. Langbridge in Good Words.

F. Langbridge in Good Words.

Ere country ways had turned to street,
And long ere we were born.
A lad and lass would chance to meet,
And often she'd neglect her task.
The willows bowed to nudge the brook,
The cowslips nodded gay.
And he would look and she would look,
And both would look away.
Yet each—and this is so absurdWould dream about the other.
And she would never breathe a word
To that good dame, her mother.
Our girls are wiser now.
Twas very quaint, twas very strange,
Extremely strange, you must allow.
Dear me! how modes and customs change;
It could not happen now.

Next day that idle, naughty lass
Would re-arrange her hair.
And pender long hefore the glass
Which how she ought to wear;
"Why do you blush like that?"
And seldom care to chat,
And make her mother frown, and ask,

And make her mother frown, and ass,

"Why do you blush like that"?

And now she'd haunt with footsteps slow
That mead with cowslips yellow,
Down which she'd met a week ago
That stupid, Startug fellow.

"Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange, you must allow.

Dear met how modes and customs change!
It could not happen now.

And as for him, that foolish lad,
He'd hardly close an eye,
And look so wee-begone and sad,
He'd make his mother cry,
"He goes," she'd say, "from had to worse!
My boy so blithe and brave.
Last night I found him writing verse
About a lonely grave."
And, lo! next day her nerves he'd shock
With laugh and song, and caper;
And there!—she'd find a golden lock
Wrapped up in tissur paper.
Our boys are wiser now.

"Twas very quaint, itwas very strange,
Extremely strange, you must allow.
Dear me! how modes and customs change,"

A. G. B. in The Spectator. Something has come:

I felt it yestereve:
The lark on high was singing.
The happy church bells ringing:
How could I grieve:

I could not grieve. An old man weary and I lifted up his burden.
He blessed me, and in guerdon Mine slipped away.

It slipped away.

There came a child in pains.
I southed it, and soon after
A burst of April laughter
Followed the raia.

How could I grieve?
O blessed human heart!
That in the joy of giving
Hast found the bliss of living,
Up, play thy part!

Strive, and not rest!
Rest here below is none.
Beneath a sky o'crarching
The hosts of men are marching;
Angels look on.

Yet not in dark, Nor wholly sad thy way; Fut here in sunny meadows, There overcast with shadows, So runs our day.

DIVIDED.

From The Academy. "Yet will I but say what mere friends say,
Or only a thought stronger;
I will hold your hand, but as long as all may,
"Or so very little longer;" (Robert Browning -(Robert Browning.

We stand so far apart,
Two graves Between us lie—
Mine, with a cross at its head,
And flowers strewn o'er the bed
Of the unforgotten dead
Who dreamless sleeps below.

Yours is an empty grave, Untenanted and bare, But you fashioned it so deep, That forever it must keep Us apart, although we weep, With close clasped hands above.

You dug it in the past, Ere I had seen your face.

And it is so deep and wide
That it parts me from your sid
Not the grave of him who died,
Who loved me long ago.

Yet, though the grave is deep And we stand not side by side Yet none other is so near, No one clse is half so dear, Naught can come between us here, Or loose our close clasped hands.

AUTUMN TIME Evaleen Stein in The Indianapolis Journal.

The milk-weed pods are tossing Their flosses in the air, And busy spiders spinning Their cobwebs everywhere: The pear-tree leaves are turning To burnished bronze and gold;
And on their boughs the black-birds
Are growing overbold.

The sunlight through the hedge-rows is like a gibled net, Where bits of beryl and topax Are fancifully set. Upon the ground the grass blades
Are pushing in between
The curied and crumbled oak-leaves,
In little lines of green.

The sky, like any violet
In balmy sweetness blows,
And veiled in haze, the sun shines
As rosy as a reso,

IN THE CHURCH PORCH.

wn and of my church, and when I antagonized him

RELIGIOUS NOTE AND COMMENT. I was talking the other day with a middle-aged an, who, though a man of great ability, has been a ort of rolling stone in the ministry. "What has been he trouble?" I asked him. "Idealism," he replied. My religion isn't concrete enough to suit people. My very first pastorate came to an inglorious obscause I refused to admit to be mission was living in open sin. He was the big man of the

I became a social and religious pariah. I stepped down and out, and went to a church which expected its pastor to preach a little Christianity mixed with a great deal of denominationalism. I looked over the field and concluded that the community was suffering from sectarian dry rot, and for that reason I decided to preach a non-sectarian gospel. Of course it didn't work; the moneyed men said I was killing the church and refused to contribute, while the women held indignation meetings in which they denounced me as a eretic. So I stepped out again. Then I became pastor of a church which raised money by raffles and fairs. I at once put a stop to this, with the and fairs. I at once put a stop to this, with the result that my salary was cut down one-half in the course of a year, and I was told that the financial welfare of the church made my resignation desirable. Then I became paster of a snug little church composed of well-to-do people who expected their paster. devote all his attention to the pew-holders. I did ny full duty to the pew-holders; but I tried to do omething also for the non-church-going people in the parish, many of whom I found very willing to come to church if they were asked. There were plenty of vacant pews in my church for them, but I soon found that the officers of the church objected to such an increase of membership. The richest man in the place came to me to protest.

"'Our wives and daughters,' said he, 'object to filling up our church with ragamuffins. We built the church for ourselves, and we put up the money to support it. We pay you your salary to attend to our spiritual interests, and we don't think it right for you

"But, my dear sir,' said I, 'these people are in our parish, and they have souls to be saved.' "'That's all right,' was his reply, 'let them hire a

hall and start a mission. We don't want you to "After this I soon resigned, and concluded that either I wasn't cut out for a minister or else that modern congregations don't want a man who is not willing to fall into the conventional ruts. Fortu-

nately, I have a modest competence, so that I don't have to swallow my convictions for the sake of bread and butter. But all the same, I feel that I have been a failure, and I would like to ask my brethren where the blame lies. This is my little story, and with slight variations it is the story of a great many earnest men in the ministry to-day."

I am a good deal in sympathy with the Phfladelphia clergyman who has recently been criticising certain kinds of church music. "Many of our churches," he says, "are only appendices to concerts. Often the poorer the preacher the finer the church and choir. poorer the presence the finer the church and choir.
Many people go to church 'just for the music.' Then
why keep the preacher? In some of our churches
it costs \$50 to sing 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul' to the
tune 'When the Swallows Homeward Fly.' Write out an anthem as sung, and what nonsense. churches can have concerts on Sunday, why can't the world? Why not get the chorus girls to sing the praises of the Lord on the Sabbath? They are not busy elsewhere, and they will fill the front seats. How much like Heaven it will be when in our selemn services on the Sabbath we shall be favored with snatches from the leading operas by the most eminent artists. In some churches the choir does the singing, the preacher the praying, the congregation the paying and the farce is ended.

"Let us rouse up some old tunes and hymns that have been only half awake since the days of our grandfathers. With the human voice so wonderfully organized that in the plainest throat and lungs there are fourteen direct muscles which can make 16,000 different sounds and thirty indirect muscles which can make, it is estimated, more than 170,000,000 of sounds, why, then, not have congregational singing.

A friend tells me that Pundit Raghunath Rao, the Dewan of Indore, has recently put forth a catechism of the Aryan Vedic religion which is taken, word for word, from the Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism-the questions about Christ being omitted. The Dewan defends the compilation on the novel ground that the truths of the Catechism which he appropriated are the common property of Christianity and Hindooism, and that his compilation will there-fore do much to bring about religious unity. Doubt-less it fooks that way to him; but if he were better acquainted with Christian sectarianism, he would understand that many good Christians are about as much opposed to the Westminster Catechism as they are to Hindooism.

to Hindooism.

During the last few years we have been treated to a great deal of foolish gush about the beauty and to a great deal of foolish gush about the beauty and nobility of Eastern religions. I don't deny that there are many commendable features about them, and that they often get near to the heart of true religion as we understand it. But in their practical results as we understand it. But in their practical results as we understand it. But in their practical results as we understand it. But in their practical results as we understand it. But in their practical results as we understand it. But in their practical results as we understand it. But in their practical results as we understand it. But in their practical results as we understand it. But in their practical results they cannot be compared with Christianity. Take a concrete instance. The Rev. T. W. Jex-Blake has concrete instance. The Rev. T. W. Jex-Blake has concrete instance. The Rev. T. W. Jex-Blake has temples. "Step inside the city," he says. "One temples warms with foetid apes; another is stereorous with cows. The stench in the pass-ages leading to the temples is frightful; the fifth beneath your feet is such temples is frightful; the fifth beneath your feet is such temples is frightful; the fifth beneath your feet is such that the keenest traveller would hardly care to face it twice. Everywhere, in the temples, in the little shrines by the street side, the emblem of the Creator shrines by the street side, the emblem of the Creator shrines by the street side, the emblem of the Creator shrines by the street side, the emblem of the Creator shrines by the street side, the emblem of the Creator shrines by the street side, the emblem of the Creator shrines by the street side, the emblem of the Creator shrines by the street side, the emblem of the Creator shrines by the street side, the emblem of the Creator shrines by the street side, the emblem of the Creator shrines are stream of the control of the control of the male shrines of the male shrin nobility of Eastern religions. I don't deny that there are many commendable features about them, and that they often get near to the heart of true religion as we understand it. But in their practical results they cannot be compared with Christianity. Take a concrete instance. The Rev. T. W. Jex-Blake has this to say about Benares, with its 3,000 Hindoo temples. "Step inside the city," be says. "One temple swarms with foetid apes; another is stereorous with cows. The stench in the passages leading to the temple sis frightful; the filth beneath your feet is such that the keenest traveller would hardly care to face it twice. Everywhere, in the temples, in the little shrines by the street side, the emblem of the Creater is phallic. Round one most picturesque temple, bult apparently long since British occupation began—probably since the battle of Waterloo—runs an external frieze, about ten feet from the ground, too gross for the pen to describe; seenes of vice, natural and unnatural, visible to all the world all day long, worse than anything in the Lupanar at Pompoil. Nothing that I saw in India roused me more to a sense of the need of religious renovation by the gospel of Christ than what met the eye, openly, right and left, in Benares."

A clergyman of this city, who believes in rented A clergyman of this city, who believes in rented pews, took me to task the other day for criticising this feature of modern Christianity. "How is the average congregation going to meet expenses, if it doesn't rent its pews!" he asked. "Leaving out endowed parishes, and the parishes which are zealous enough for their church to contribute voluntarity to its support, there will still be left an immense majority of parishes in which there would be a big defeit every year if there were no new routs. This is the cold fact. parishes in which there would be a big deficit every year if there were no pew rents. This is the cold fact, and no amount of theoretical reasoning can get around it. May be, if you will print my statement, some-hody will throw light on the subject. If so, I shall be heartily glad to know how the thing can be done. But until then, as a practical man, I must believe that in many cases rented pews are a necessity."

Hand," "I do not find it in my heart to inveigh against vacations." But if a clergyman really can't take a vacation, he thinks that he can get along very well by staying at home. To prove this, he gives a schedule of the way in which he spent the dog-days at home.

Here is the schedule: Six, rise; 6:30, devotions; 7 to 8:30, reading mornsix, rise; 6 330, devotoles; 1 350, writing; 9 330, ing paper, errands and breakfast; 8 350, writing; 9 330, solid reading; 10:30, sermonizing; 12, light reading; 12:30, romp with my children; 1, dinner; 2, literary hour with my children; 3, Sunday-school lesson; 3:30 to 10, left unapportioned; 10 at night until 6 the next

Doubtless this will seem a preffy dreary sort of vacation to the clergymen who are in the habit of taking two or three months every summer. But the clergy man in question says that this dog-day regimen toned bim up in body, mind and soul, and he feels as much rested as if he had "gone a fishing."

Canon Taylor's article in "The Fortnightly Review.

entitled "The Great Missionary Failure," will, I think, do good. It will disturb the complacency of a great many Christian people who never look beyond the rosy reports of their denominational missions, and who therefore fail to understand the immensity of the mistherefore fall to understand the immensity of the mis-sionary problem. The Canon's facis cannot be dis-puted. Modern Christian missions have really touched only the fringe of heathenism. And if he had simply stated that fact, I think his article would have been stronger than it is now. In assuming that missions are a failure, however, he not only puts himself in an attitude of defence, but he makes an assumption that is not necessarily true. The fact that Christian-lity is fighting heathenism against tremendous odds, need not mean failure. The odds were just as great in the first age of the Church; but Christianity finally conquered paganism. As I said, however, Canon Taylor's article will do good by showing Christians what they have to do, and arousing them from their fool's paradise of contentment with things as they are.

A colored Catholic congress is to be held in Washthe kind ever held, and will be experimental in character. It will be held in St. Augustine's Church. which is the largest and finest church occupied by colored Catholics in America. Says Father Walsh, the pastor of this church: "There are in Baltimore

convents, and several other institutions exclusively for colored people. There are one church, one school and one orphanage in New-York City; one church, one school and one convent in Richmond; one church and two schools in Washington; one church and one school at Keswick; one church and one school at Keswick; one church and one school at Keswick; one church and one school each at Petersburg and Lexington; one church and school in Louisville; one in Bardstown; one church, two convents and one school in St. Louis; one church, one orphanage and one school in Cincinnati; one church and school in San Antonio; one convent and orphanage in Kansas City; one church and school in Savannah; two churches and schools in Charleston; one school in Memphis; one near Jackson; one church. several schools and one convent in New-Orleans; church and school in Quincy; one church and one school in St. Paul, and many others that have not yet been reported. There are two orders of nuns in this country composed entirely of noble-minded colored women, one of which, the Oblate Sisters, of Providence, with mother house at Baltimore, has branches in different parts of the country."

The American Missionary Association, to which Mr. Hand has so wisely entrusted his noble gift of a million dollars for the education of the colored people of the South, was originally a Congregational organiza-tion, but is now undenominational. Its work has been largely educational, having planted colleges in many of the Southern States. Its seventeen normal schools have trained seven thousand colored teachers, who are now instructing more than half a million pupils in the public schools of the South. It is to be noted also that the colleges and schools of the association give special prominence to manual training and agriculture, so that their pupils are often better prepared for the practical work of life than the pupils of the public schools. The aggregate amount of the Hand, Peabody and Slater funds for the advancement of education in the South is about five millions of dollars, an amount probably greater than that devoted to any like object anywhere else in the world.

SHE MEANT BUSINESS.

"Sir," said a strong featured weman wearing a black dress as she came into a down-town broker's office, this is Wall Street ain't it?"

" Yes, ma'am." "This is the place where men buy and sell stock and cheat each other and rob their best friends and make criminals of themselves, ain't it?" "Er-well, there is speculating here, of course.

"Don't talk to me, I know all about it, I tell you A man buys stock that he knows he hasn't the n to pay for; and he'll sell stock that he knows ain't

worth a cent to his best friend." "Such things of course do happen, but-"
"Stop 'butting' me-I know they happen all the Then you get poor clerks to come here and apeculate and lose their money and then rob their employers and lose that too. And bank cashiers are robbed here and have to rob the bank and then go to Canada or the penitentiary. It's all gambling and

cobbery and you know it." "I'm sorry, madam, that you are so strongly op posed to speculation."

"Who's opposed to it?"
"I gather that you are from your remarks." "No, sir, I just understand it, that's all. Now what I want is a straight tip on this Union Consolidated stock. If she's poing up I want to know it, but if the bottom is going to drop out of the whole ining inside of four hours I want to know that too, I've sold my husband's dress suit and the haireloth sofa and I'm willing to give the suit money to anybody that'll tell me of a deal sure thing to put the sofa money into. If you know of anything speak quick while the offer lasts.

HUMORING HYPOCHONDRIACS.

From The Globe-Democrat.

So many people are hypochondriacs that a physician expects to find one-third of his patients laboring under imaginary lils. It is easy for people to exagggrate symptoms, and, by giving themselves into the hands of quacks, become confirmed victims of ill health. What is not at all unusual is to find physicians who have become thoroughly hypoed. Many of them with great reputation and large practice and capable of diagnosing any case, become cranks concerning their own health. They exaggerate the slightest symptoms into dangerous cases and believe they have chronic troubles when they would know that, in a patient, it would be but a slight indisposition. Most physicians are not competent to treat themselves, and many of them are confirmed pypochondriaes. Medical students begin early to imagine themselves, allieted with the various diseases they are studying. I remember when at college I had a room-mate who became thoroughly hypoed after entering the course. One day he caught a cold and that night sudd-uly informed me he believed he was going to die, as he was certain that he was afflicted with a new malignant fever which we had been studying that day. I went immediately for one of the professors, and he not being in, I had another come. The second understood the case at once and gave my friend some simple remedy and later, the first came, and he, wishing to give the young man a lesson, had me administer a liberal dose of i pecac. This made him very sick, but cured him of the malignant fever.

A long discussed question among the medical fractions of the cauch of the capacity and the capacit From The Globe-Democrat.

. SHE WAS NOT IN A HURRY.

From The General Manager.

Enter Weman:
"Is this the X. Y. and Z. ticket office!"
"It is."
"Can I take the train here for Punkin Hollow!" "You can in just ten minutes."
What time does the train go?

"At 6:30."
"La me: They told me up at Catchem & Cheati's that it went at half past 6."
"And so it does."

The train leaves at half past 6. Will you have a ticket?"

"Well, I dunno, I kinder thought I'd drop down and see what time the train went out to-night, cost I'd about made up my mind to wait over and go in the mornin'. S'pose I can go in the mornin' can't

At 9:45, madame.

" Hoy?"

You can leave here for Pumpkin Hollow at 9:45 to morrow, standard time."

"Law sakes—what fibbers some people is! I just asked that big French policeman outside there, and he said the mornin' train didn't go until a quarter to 10! S'pose the fare'll be the same if I wait over and go in the mornin' won't it!"

"Just the same."

"Well you see Mary Jane—that's my darier by

From The Portland Press.

Yesterday afternoon the engineer on the down train on the mountain division of the Maine Central Railroad, when about five miles west of Bridgton Junetion, noticed two hens on the track, both of which the engine run over, apparently. The train made its usual stop at Hiram, where nothing unusual was noticed, and the hen episode was forgotten. At Bridgton Junction the freman got out to oil the engine, and was much surprised to find one of the hens perched on the cow catcher. Her buldyship flew oif and walked away in an unconcerned manner, as if the exploit of riding five miles on a cow-catcher were an every day occurrence. She had saved her life in the most approved fashion, but somebody on the line 2f the road is minus two hens just the same.

ONE CENT SAVED HIS LIFE.

ONE CENT SAVED HIS LIFE

From The Chicago Tribune.

A one-cent piece saved M. J. Hogan's life night before last. He was called to his door by a drunaen discharged employe, John Hopkins, and on refusing to pay the wages due the man, on his drunken demand, Hopkins fired a shot which struck a copper penny in Hogan's vest pocket and glanced aside. Justice White heard the case yesterday and held Hopkins in bonds of \$5,000 to answer to the Criminal Court, on the charge of assault with intent to commit murder.

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A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF BIRDS.

OLIVE THORNE MILLER AT HOME. From Drake's Magazine.

One who knows Olive Thorne Miller only by her writings is always disappointed on meeting her, because of her ase. A certain youthfulness shining everywhere out of her work, as well as the few years she has been writine, give the impression of youth, and her gray hairs and fifty years strike with a sort of shock. But the more one sees of her, the better he knows that in heart she is young and will never be otherwise. Her short period of authorship is explained by the fact that she did not begin work with the pen till her mother-duties were pearly over

the way they behaved when the visitor went in but at the same time not a motion of one of them escaped her.

Near to her hand was a pile of large note-books, each one learing the name of some bird, and anything peculiar or interesting, any musual habit or unaccustomed sound, was at once recorded. Thus every day's doings were safely written up at the moment of happening, when the incidents were fresh. This course, pursued during the eight or ten months she usually keeps her birds, gives her not only a fair acquaintance with the bird and a great help to the study of him in freedom, but a minute record of his behavior and habits inder her eye. If a bird is shy, she often turns her chair around so that her back is toward them, and with a hand-glass still waterbes them. Not much work gets done in these mornings of study; but in the summer, when one after another of her feathered family has flown, she collects her notes and "writes up" her little friends and their quaint and interesting doings. The one thing she most prides herself on is accuracy, both of observation and of statement.

Mrs. Miller is tall and somewhat stout in figure, of terfect health and rather jolly manners. She is a born book lover, and is rarely seen without a volume, if not in her hands, very near by. Numerous shelves about her are filled, tables and desk are loaded, even sofas and chairs have often to be cleared before they can be used.

in the mornin' won't it?

"Just the same."

"Well, you see, Mary Jane—that's my darter by my fust hashand—she lives here, married to a feller by the name of John Smith; mebbe you know him; Never heard of him? Law, suz, you don't say? Now that's curus, hain't tl? Live in the same town with my darter's husband and don't know him; newly with my darter's husband and don't know him; newly with my darter's husband and don't know him; newly with my darter's husband and don't know him; newly sure and the real properties of the feathered family has flown, she collects her notes and writes up' her little friends and their quality and interesting doings. The one thing she most prides and interestin

ANIMAL VIVISECTION SUPERSEDED.

ANIMAL VIVISECTION SUPERSEDED.

From Leisure Hour.

Mr. T. W. Thiselton-Dyer, F. R. S., the successor of Sir Joseph Hooker at Kew Gardens, read an important paper in the Chemistry and Biology Section of the Eritish Association, in which he contended that the examination of the living organism should take place upon plants rather than upon animas, and that all the essential phenomena of such organisms can be readily and fully demonstrated upon plants. Historically, the animal histologists owe everything to botanists. He did not himself believe that any better access could be obtained to the structure and functions of living diseases than by the study of plants. The necessary appliances for the demonstration are not so costly and the work of the class-room is free from many difficulties with which the student of the animal side of biology has to central.

"There is, he are judgment," said the speaker, "no hundanorntal biological problem which is not exhibited in a simpler form by plants than animals. Mr. Francis Darwin and Mr. Gardiner have each in different directions shown the entirely new point of view which may be obtained by treating plant phenomena as the outcome of protoplasm. I have not the least doubt that by pursuing this path English research will not merely place vegetable physiology on a more rational basis, but that it will also seasibly react, as it has done often before, on animal physiology.